The Career of a Cobbler

The Life Story of WILLIAM CAREY

By MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

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WORKS BY

Margaret T. Applegarth

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The Life Story of William Carey. 75c.

Abandoning the usual biographical methods, Miss Applegarth has Vishmuswam, a Hindu, tell the life story of William Carey to an incredulous listener. Miss Applegarth's tale is told in warm, convincing fashion, marked by much genuine local color, and charged with the glamour of the East.

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—*S. S. Times.*

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THE LIFE STORY OF WILLIAM CAREY

By
MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

Author of "Next-Door Neighbors," "The School of Mother's Knee," "Lamplighters Across the Sea," etc.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1922, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Printed in United States of America.

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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I. SUNSET.

Vishnuswami Introduces the Cobbler

A CHATTERING monkey or two frisked overhead in the palm trees which skirted the village market-place, deserted now that the sun was setting. But to your eyes and mine the objects of conspicuous interest would have been two turbans, like gaudy tulips of gold and scarlet, nodding in the slow, unhurried conversation of the East, as their owners sat at the edge of the bazaar facing the sunset.

"Now, concerning the white sahib, it is to be admitted that he died full of good works," agreed Chunder Singh with complacent indifference.

"You must indeed admit it," said he of the golden-yellow turban, "although his death was as nothing compared to his life. I that speak unto you have made inquiries, and surely no hero in all India, no god in all our sacred books performed such deeds as his. Seventy-three years is old age, my

kinsman, and had I the tongue of a speaker I would fill your ears with the tale of it."

"Impostor! Time is endless," drawled Chunder Singh, "and here I sit with endless leisure. The cool of the evening is upon us, so tell me in all truth, think you that the gods in truth have liked this man? Did not they let rain-clouds burst with violence on the day of his funeral?"

Vishnuswami nodded. "Put down your ear and listen to me, Chunder Singh, for I myself was in the crowd of Hindus and Mohammedans who lined the roadway on that most unhappy day. It is true that rain poured on us; but on reaching the grave the sun shone out in splendour, so I ask, what make you of that omen?"

"Ah, I am consumed with curiosity. Tell me of this hero whose paths the gods made smooth, giving him a glorious end. Behold I sit in silence! You have inquired with fullness, so spare me no details. Was he, perhaps, of high caste and of great wealth?"

"My friend, you mistake; for even in England, where they have not the castes of India, he was despised for his low-caste occupation. You will have noticed that these Englishmen wear leather shoes upon

their feet. Well, by trade he was a cobbler, one who makes poor men's shoes for a living."

"A worker in leather? Ah, one who stoops to deal with skins of dead animals is low caste indeed," said the man in the scarlet turban, scornfully. "You hardly need weight your tongue with the tale of a mere pariah. It is beneath our notice."

"No, no, you mistake. Think not to despise him for the work of his hands," begged Vishnuswami earnestly. "For though of humble parents, and quite poor, he was fed by sacred fire, and when only a lad he sat up in the boughs of a tree with his young comrades, and caused their very hair to rise on end with strange new tales of far-off countries which men of England had discovered. Even when he grew older, those far-off places beckoned to his inner spirit, until from pieces of brown paper he pasted together a map of the whole wide world; places, my brother, of which you and I do not dream. Englishmen also did not know much, nor care much, *but he cared.* And he hung his home-made map upon the wall opposite his cobbler's bench. On it he wrote in the English language facts about every coun-

try until it was as if all the world had come to dwell in his heart, where the sacred fire was burning. Fix it before your eyes, my brother; one poor unknown cobbler, with never enough to eat, stretching out his arms to the ends of earth, while others throughout England were indifferent."

"Why should I fix a paper map in my memory? The whims of low-caste cobblers do not interest me."

"You will do well to write it on your heart, however. For one day in every seven this cobbler spoke to gatherings of Christians in houses known as churches until finally he was ordained to be a person called a minister. You must not think this like our priesthood, since he did not play on the fears of his people in order to wheedle gold from their girdles, neither did he seek to live in luxury. For be it known to you that even while exhorting them most eloquently, one day in every seven, he was still so poorly paid that he made shoes on all other days, and even for a space of years he taught school to support his wife and children."

"What! Do you say he was a pundit, scholarly and learned?"

"My friend, it was the sacred fire again.

He could not rest until the unknown was known, yet never could he go to places of high learning, colleges, and such. Picture him with nails and leather making boots, but always with a book beside him. This was his college, a poor cobbler's cottage with roses growing round the doorway, and his wooden sign swinging on its hinges. A simple life, yet he became a man of six new tongues."

"A strange word, you say; what can you mean—*six tongues?*"

"Ah, friend of my childhood, surely it is known to you that in India many tongues are spoken. It is even so outside, in other places; there are tongues of men long dead and gone, and tongues of men still living. This cobbler, Carey, learned six languages while cobbling shoes, although they say when but a child he learned the speech called Latin. There was the tongue called Greek; when he first saw its curious hooks and curves he traced them on a piece of paper and walked long miles to ask a man of his acquaintance in a distant village what language this might be. By walking to this man for lessons he grew master of that tongue. Hebrew also he learned, as well as Dutch and French,

while cobbling shoes and gazing on his curious map. No wonder that the sacred fire was warm within him."

"Now, concerning this sacred fire," said Chunder Singh, with curious heart, "if it could turn a man who worked in leather into someone wise and learned, of what nature was it?"

"A wondrous thing, my brother, for it was of an unselfish nature. They who would sit comfortably in England and worship the living God were doing wrong, he felt; for there were words in his Holy Book of Heaven which continually spoke to his heart. They were the parting words said by the living God while on the earth long years ago; listen while I quote them: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to all nations, and lo, I am with you alway.'"

Chunder Singh nodded his scarlet turban approvingly; "The words are clear, the meaning also. It is a strong command."

"Ah, what a curiosity! Clear to you, a Hindu; and clear to me, a Hindu; but to Christian men in England it was most unwelcome that the cobbler should make mention of it. Picture him one day among

a crowd of Christians—all preachers, Chunder Singh, the same as he; and with solemn calls to service he quoted the command, and made earnest pleas to send the gospel to the waiting world. Well, you should have heard the disapproval. 'Sit down, young man,' said one sahib of many years. 'You are a miserable enthusiast for asking such a question. Certainly nothing can be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts, including the gift of tongues, will give effect to the commission of Christ as at first.' And before another moon had waxed and waned a preacher of the living God assured him, 'If God wishes to convert the heathen he will do it without your help or mine.'"

Chunder Singh smote his knee uneasily. "Your cobbler had no feet to stand on, had he? But I am puzzled as to the men you name as heathen, who may they be?"

"Even you and I, and all the men of India who bow down to idols and ignore the living God of heaven. It was of us the cobbler dreamed across the sea in England."

Chunder Singh shifted his position and raised his arms toward the sunset skies.

"A living God—what news is this? And yet I tell you truly, from a child I have had hunger like that, and always do I seek him among our million gods of India. Tell me more of the low-caste cobbler, surely such as he could not hope to triumph over men of other castes."

"You mistake in naming them castes, since England has no such divisions. But think you that a man who tends a sacred fire could hold his silence? Since none would listen to his spoken words, this man of toil had recourse to a paper voice, and wrote a survey of the outside world, continent by continent, island by island, race by race, faith by faith, kingdom by kingdom. Oh, my brother, consider what a stir it made in England, that a cobbler should have had the whole world in his heart and have spread it out on paper! What man of culture could have done as much, seeing the sacred fire burned only in the heart of Carey Sahib, and one other, newly roused, named Andrew Fuller. They two prayed many prayers that they might wake the sleeping Christians. Then came a yearly gathering of these Christians, and Carey Sahib was called on to speak; a curious

sight, a poor cobbler urging them with stirring words to

> ' Attempt great things for God,
> Expect great things from God.'

All listened with a rapt attention, much impressed: but like men before a chasm, they were afraid to step, and were returning to their distant homes when Carey Sahib said in great distress to Fuller Sahib, ' And are you after all going to *do nothing?*'

" From this imploring plea they wrote it on their books that a plan should be made to form a society, which, you must understand, is the thing these English have to run all business."

" Now as to that society—I do not grasp its business, do I?"

" Have I not said it? To send news about the Christians' God to every man on earth. I ask you to consider well the bravery of those men, my brother, since they were only twelve in number, preachers also without riches, meeting in the town of Kittering, a place of no worldly importance, in the house of one named Widow Wallis."

"What say you—a *widow?* Bah, you make me think but little of this enterprise; a low-caste man who works in leather, twelve poor preachers, and—a widow. What? Was there none else who owned a roof that they must stoop so low to share her house?"

"Poor dweller in the hut of ignorance! What blunders you commit with haughty lips. I tell you truly that in England they think not as we do in India about widows. Behold, let a man die, and the neighbours shower consolations on his widow, and nobody blames her for her husband's death. I have made special questions of this thing. So to this day the name of Widow Wallis is well loved by Christians, since in her humble house was formed the new society. I will make mention of its title, for these English have a love for lengthy words—'The Particular Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel Among the Heathen.' Before I pass to other matters I would have you write it on your heart that this marked the first such enterprise the Christians of that day had ever started."

"Why should I write it? Twelve men of poverty can't travel far from home. I

marvel how this cobbler got to India.''

Vishnuswami checked his sneering. '' I smiled in doubt myself, since on that day of starting their society the most they could collect was £13 12s. 6d. You being quick at figures can see how small a sum of rupees that would be to send a man across the many seas to India. Yet when Andrew Fuller Sahib rose, he said, ' In India is a gold mine, but it seems almost as deep as the center of the earth. Who will venture to explore it? ' And Carey Sahib answered promptly, ' I will venture to go down, but you must hold the ropes.' ''

Chunder Singh looked with interest at the first pale star twinkling in the evening sky before he said disdainfully, '' Must you tear out your heart in praise? I make no doubt the cobbler knew it was his chance to bring great glory on his head, to win great merit from the men of England—he, a mere nobody!''

'' How you babble,'' laughed Vishnuswami softly, '' for the lofty men of England only sneered and the men high up in London muttered in their beards: ' Can anything come out of Kettering, that little town of no account? ' Moreover, the father of the cobbler said in much disgust, ' Is

William mad?' and his wife, with all the strange perverseness of most womankind, refused to come to India with him. There was much toil in raising money for the passage, and, to crown it all, the very ships objected to receiving him on board. So I ask you, where was glory in all this?"

"You bury me in deep surprise," sighed poor Chunder Singh; "I only ask one question; why, in the teeth of separations, trouble, poverty, and certain death, did he set sail for India?"

"Ah, you shall hear," cried Vishnuswami, "you shall hear."

II. TWILIGHT

The Cobbler Reaches India

FOR some time the sleepy twitter of birds was the only sound in the empty bazaar, while in the village itself the melancholy thud of a tom-tom arose occasionally, presaging some one's sorrow, an illness or a death. Then through the hush of the twilight Chunder Singh remarked:

"Many are the questions you have loosened under my turban concerning this Carey Sahib. Now, as to that woman, his wife; you mentioned her unwillingness to cross the oceans lying between England and our shores. I doubt not that he gave her many beatings till she came; how else can a man bring a disobedient wife to her senses?"

Vishnuswami smiled in utter pity: "Plainly you have much to learn of Christians, for they never lift a hand to hit their womankind. You who tread the roadways that I tread, who seek the same marriage

broker, how have you ways of knowing of the gentleness which Christians show to those far weaker than themselves? So Carey Sahib tried with all persuasive words and soft entreaties to win his wife to cross the oceans with him, but she would not, for the sacred fire was absent from her heart. To her, you seemed as foolishness, I also! While to Carey Sahib we were precious, since we had not gotten down in the religion of his God. So picture him, thirty-three years old, departing from his home in utter loneliness, with one son with him, the others left behind. See him going to the ship, but being turned away, since he had not the proper passport of which I will speak later. Also a companion, Thomas Sahib, owed such heavy debts, that they would not welcome him on board an English boat. But did they all turn back? No, not one smallest step, for the heart that burns with sacred fire takes no account of trifles. What then?"

"Another ship was found, no doubt," said Chunder Singh convincingly.

"Even so! A Danish ship, which did not ask for passports. Now let me mention matters new to both our ears, my kinsman. In those days when our fathers

were young (you know little of dates, yet this tale of Carey Sahib should be placed in the year 1793, as the English reckon time), there was an English trading company with the name 'East India Company' which had a plan for India, that each person coming to our shores must get, of them, a license or a passport. Now in the coldness of their business they refused to grant one to the cobbler Carey, thinking he might help unsettle trade by planting new ideas on Indian soil, ideas of new religion and a Living God. But let me tell you a second matter, which you will do well to write on your heart: the Living God has His plan, also, and when He sets the sacred fire within the heart of man, He stands beside to help in time of trouble. So behold, while Carey Sahib ate the salt of bitter disappointment in an eating house in London, a waiter slipped a card into the hand of Thomas Sahib, which read: 'A Danish East Indiaman, No. 10 Cannon St.' And lo, here was his ship! Moreover the small delay between the first and the second boat was long enough for his unwilling wife to change the make-up of her mind, deciding to come with him, she and her sister and his children."

Chunder Singh stroked his chin reflectively: "You speak it off so naturally, yet I would ask you of that crossing which he had from England."

"What should we know about a boat, you and I, men who live on dry land and sleep on earthen floor each evening under our own thatched roofs? They tell me in all truth the waves of the sea rise up like mountains and sit down like valleys, and there is wetness and dizziness while the boat is blown hither and yon like a leaf on a windy day. It is not healthy to dwell on the things these Englishmen attempt to do! Five moons waxed and waned while they were in that boat, my brother—ah, they were made of stiff courage or they had not reached our country!"

Chunder Singh nodded his head in sheer amazement: "You draw out my heart!" he sighed, "though I live to the age of an elephant, never would I trust the gods to bring me through such waters. Carey Sahib must have had a royal welcome when he landed!"

Vishnuswami groaned: "Have you forgotten that I said it? That the East India Company wished no strangers to unsettle trade or plant a new religion. So they

made it hard for Carey Sahib. There was no welcome roof under which his head could rest, no food to fill his children's stomachs, even rupees from that new society of Christians back in London, even those rupees gave out, my friend, until he had not the weight of one anna to spend in the bazaar. To be sure there were two houses which he lived in with discomfort—one a miserable abandoned garden house in a suburb of Calcutta, where they all were ill with a bad illness, so that he was filled with longing to leave such a hovel, and sought to secure land in the Soonderbuns, mere jungle-swamps, which could be taken gratis for three years. But as you may guess, when rupees are lacking, travel is a thing quite hard to do. Yet presently he found a boat, and with his interpreter named Ram Basu, you must picture him setting out, his family wailing in forlorn complaint against rushing into jungle-land, where were tigers and all beasts of prey. When only one more meal remained, they landed at an old deserted house where they could sleep while Carey Sahib built himself a hut and cleared the land. Are you not consumed with admiration that even then he spent long hours

in learning the Bengali tongue, so that he might tell every Indian that he met about the Living God?"

"Oh, come now, Enthusiast! How you twist your tongue! It is but a little while since you were boasting that the Living God had a plan and stood close beside to help him. Do you call it help that he found no home, no food, no money, and must seek a dangerous jungle-swamp? Tell me, what of that comrade you mentioned, Thomas Sahib?"

Vishnuswami passed his hand over his forehead in perplexity: "I have two minds about him, as did Carey Sahib also, I am told. For he was most certainly a man of Christian faith, since when he had been in India before as a physician for the East India Company, he toiled untiringly for the Living God among the people where he lived. Yet I tell you plainly he was a man so quick of speech and action and so full of old-time debts (left over from his other stay in India) that all men had turned against him; so half of Carey Sahib's loneliness came because of this bad opinion regarding his friend."

Chunder Singh tossed his head: "He should have kicked him off. It lies in my

mind that to seek a tiger-haunted jungle because of an unpopular friend is utter foolishness!"

"You have still much to learn, poor man, for these Christians live with charity in one eye and forgiveness in the other. Moreover, oh worshipper of idols carved from wood and stone, how can I cause you to understand what they tell me of the Living God, that He is a brooding Spirit, seeing the end from the beginning. Of late years the Sahib, William Carey, has been ever saying that his God had such a plan in mind that had he settled down where he first tried hard to settle, then that plan would not have come to pass. Moreover, help came to Carey Sahib through this very Thomas Sahib, who gathered up the broken threads of friendship with an old-time friend, Udney Sahib. Now consider what a pleasant thing this was—for Udney Sahib was an indigo manufacturer, and even then was building two new factories needing superintendents. One he gave to Carey Sahib, one to Thomas Sahib. And Carey Sahib's factory was at Mudnabati, where he lived and worked for five full years."

Chunder Singh chuckled: "In affluence,

I have no doubt, for it has reached my ears that heads of factories roll in silver rupees. It must have been a pleasant change from utter poverty and tiger jungles."

But Vishnuswami tempered his enthusiasm: "Gather your rash guess back under your turban, foolish man, for you forget the sacred fire that burned in Carey Sahib's heart. Let me pour into your ears the kind of man this cobbler was, for he who had been poor was now receiving two hundred rupees a month, plus commissions. I doubt not you are picturing gorgeous pictures, but Carey Sahib sat him down and wrote a letter in the English language to Andrew Fuller Sahib back in England, secretary of the men who promised they would hold the ropes if Carey Sahib came to India. Now, my brother, hold your breath, for I tell a true thing; Carey Sahib wrote the words which plainly said he had now so many rupees that they need not send him any more from England, but use their funds to send new men to other lands to speak about the Living God to those who knew Him not. Moreover, Chunder Singh, write it on your heart, that so simply did he live that regularly he gave back about one-third of all

he earned to carry on his work for God among the men of Mudnabati. For every day he taught those in his factory about God; he visited the villages that were round about, he started schools and used his money for the good of men like you and me."

Chunder Singh gasped: "You do not say it! What a man! Surely his God must have hung blessings round his neck."

"Not as you and I count blessings," Vishnuswami answered, "for it was at Mudnabati that his little son, just five years old, ceased to breathe the breath of life. Indeed, I tell through tears that the very men employed by Carey Sahib's money refused to help him bury his son according to the English custom. No carpenter would make the little coffin, so the hands of Carey Sahib drove the nails. To dig the grave he hired four Moslems, no one of whom dared do this deed alone because the child was Christian, so all shared equally the shame—indeed, the head-man of their village said they had so lost their caste that he forbade his people to eat or drink or smoke with them. In a time of sadness, such conduct smote the heavy heart of Carey Sahib, and he pondered

much upon the foolish ways of India."

Chunder Singh bristled indignantly: "How mean you? That the ways of India are not right? That our fathers and our fathers' fathers worked foolishness for us, their sons?"

With strange gentleness Vishnuswami calmed his wrath: "Oh, man of my own village, I ask you—how can we see ourselves? It is like staring at one's own reflection in a jungle pool—you see your front and go away much pleased; but a stranger looking at you from behind sees the hump upon your back, and the sad condition of your turban and your garments. Even so with Carey Sahib, he brought new eyes to see us."

But Chunder Singh would not calm down: "Name me the things he counted foolishness!"

"You ask me, so I answer. First of all, our idols. He saw us bend the knee to monkeys carved from stone, to elephants of teakwood; he saw us offering gifts to the goddess of smallpox, Sheelutla, she who has no head and rides a headless horse, as well as all the thousand other idols we implore to save us. Sadness settled on his soul, for in his Book of Heaven

his God had put a warning to mankind: ' Thou shalt have no other gods before me; thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.' "

" Well, I admit I never know *which* to placate in my special troubles, such fickle beings as they are, off on a journey, maybe, or asleep! Name other things."

" He liked not our ways with women and with little girls. He who dealt gently with his own reluctant wife, shuddered to see the beatings put upon the backs of India's women, and disliked to see small maidens wedded at an early age. Widowhood I have made mention of already, how Christian custom is far gentler than our way of tearing off all jewels, shaving the head and naming her ' untouchable ' forever. Moreover his deepest soul was so stirred that he got laws enacted to stop our old-time practice of suttee, when the widow was burned upon her husband's funeral pyre."

Chunder Singh spoke in high displeasure: " I have heard it was this sahib who fought hard and long to stop that custom. But is there no end to the things he tried to change? He, almost a pariah, a mere worker in leather! My blood runs hot to

hear one of his caste berating others higher up."

Vishnuswami calmly added new insults: "Well, he liked it not when mothers flung their infants in the Ganges to gain peace; this, too, he stopped by law."

"Oh, as for that, I have no doubt a wreath of marigolds flung on the stream does just as well. Have you finished?"

"Finished? I have just begun! For how he hated caste, yet how cautiously he acted in so delicate a matter. Now caste, my brother, is as if we built us hills to bring separation, so that men of the writer caste dare not touch men of the goldsmith caste, nor any of us live with any of those low caste men who do work in leather or who sweep the streets. Even the shadow of such hills is great unpleasantness. Yet now that Carey Sahib has walked up and down my village I have learned an old truth: down underneath the hill lies the same earth. Carey Sahib said it yet another way, translating from his Book of Heaven: 'God hath made of one blood all races of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth.'"

Chunder Singh laughed loud and long: "'*One blood,*' say you? What! The

sweeper and the Brahman one? You play with words, my brother, for can one say to the hill: 'Sit down?' Neither could Carey Sahib say to men in India: 'Change your ways.'"

But Vishnuswami had his word also: "But, dense man of one idea, if the hill be too unpleasant, lo, I can walk out with my spade in the cool of the evening and I can shovel it away with diligence so that when morning breaks my neighbours cry approvingly: 'The hill is gone—how far we now can see, brother seems to live by brother! This new way is better. Ah, Vishnuswami, you are like the gods, you willed it and the hill was gone!' But deep in my own heart would I not know it was my *spade* that dug away the hill? So Carey Sahib sought a tool to level ignorance and caste. I dare not name that tool until I have gone further with his story."

"Tell me its name!" cried Chunder Singh impatiently and imploringly.

"Not yet, unbeliever! You would not credit it with power unless I told the tale in order as it comes. Bind peace around your forehead, brother, for the evening lies before us. You shall hear!"

III. STARLIGHT

They That Turn Many to Righteousness

SILENTLY, one by one, Vishnuswami saw the stars thrusting themselves through the blueness of the heavens, and suddenly pointing upward in an ecstasy, he cried: "Could you count them for me, oh friend, so wise in figures?"

Chunder Singh laughed outright. "With two small eyes? You ask too much! Besides what have the stars to do with Carey Sahib: full well I know some hidden meaning behind your words?"

"Look closer," Vishnuswami said, "and you will notice stars of greater light and stars of lesser light, which make the darkness bearable. Fasten your eyes while I name the bigger stars in order: the one straight up above the hut of old Ram Poona—I name it, Carey Sahib; next in line—I call it Marshman Sahib; the next, Marshman Mem Sahib; then William Ward Sahib."

"Stop! Stop!" cried Chunder Singh, "why should I store so many names beneath my turban, names of English strangers of whom I never heard?"

With mock pathos came the gay reply: "Poor scattered man! Yet I am hard put to it to tell more of Carey Sahib unless I also mention Marshman Sahib and his wife, also Ward Sahib. Write their names upon your heart! The lesser stars I will come to later: Krishna Pal, Gokool, Krishna Prosad—wait, and you shall hear."

"Men of India, those last," Chunder Singh remarked with certainty. "And now, no doubt, you will go on with the tale of Carey Sahib and his factory, making indigo."

"But only for the briefest minute! For you must hear of a bad season, of a most disastrous flood, of pirates seizing precious cargoes on the ocean, of Carey Sahib seeing that his factory must be closed for sudden lack of rupees. At once he sent a letter across the many seas to England, telling Andrew Fuller Sahib and the Baptist Society who held the ropes, that he was now well acquainted both with tricks of Hindu natives and with lowest rates for

housekeeping in India; wherefore it had been borne upon his heart that six or seven families could be kept for almost the same expense as one. He earnestly drew out his soul to the sahibs in England to set their faces toward him and send new men to tell about the Living God. Have I named these men? No. I have saved their title until now—' missionaries ' they are called. And Carey Sahib especially put it down on paper that these sahibs should bring wives as hearty in the work as their husbands were. He also wrote his plan: these families all should live together in a cluster of straw houses, in a line or square; no one was to have anything of his own, but all must hold their things in common. Moreover, there should be fixed rules regarding eating, drinking, worship, learning, preaching and the other daily things they had to do."

Chunder Singh slapped his knee vigorously: " Ha! Ha! he must have eaten the fruit of madness to suggest a plan like that! Even the gods could never live without high quarrels and it's only human to desire one's own. Poor Carey Sahib, he was doomed to disappointment! Or perhaps no men were found brave enough to

cross those many oceans which you say rise up like mountains and sit down like valleys."

Vishnuswami pointed to the stars again: "Did not I name them to you? Marshman Sahib and his wife, Ward Sahib also? For you must hear how men in England called to mind that first unselfishness of Carey Sahib years before, refusing money when he was receiving also from his factory. Therefore they sent him his arrears in salary and found men eager to come across to India at once. Men who also had the sacred fire. It is curious, but one day before leaving England Carey Sahib had met Ward Sahib, a man who was by trade a printer. Now mark the words that Carey Sahib said to him that day, five years before: 'If the Lord bless us, we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the Scriptures.' And see, William Ward was one of the sahibs who arrived with Marshman Sahib and his wife. As for this woman, I could tell you tales to last until we both grew bent with age. Oh, what a woman is she, friend of mine! You do not dream such females live."

With scant politeness came a grunt: "Dwell not on women! Am I not full now

with tales of them? I tell you frankly they cannot draw my heart. But tell me more of Carey Sahib's plan of small straw huts —'tis plain to see he envied much the kind of huts we build! I like it in him."

"Oh, foolish neighbour! Has it entered your heart to ask why he craved such great uncomfortableness? He who was used to windows made of glass and things called chairs to elevate his body from the earth and so extend his legs, as well as other things these English think are necessary."

"Well, was it not because he liked our ways the best?"

"You package of conceit! Let it penetrate your turban that he wished it only for our sakes, and for others such as we—so that when we looked we might not be offended by the difference between us, but might whisper in our beards: 'Behold this man of England is like a brother to me!' So all this he wrote to England to that society of which I have said much."

"You prick me awake! And did these sahibs from England indeed live in small straw huts like ours?"

"You hurry my tale too much, Chunder Singh; let me proceed in order, telling first how they arrived without passports from

the East India Company, which—though composed of men called Christians—places love of gold before all else in life, and were bitter against men of the Living God. There was one to warn these English sahibs not to land in Calcutta but in a town called Serampore, full eighteen miles away. This town belonged to the nation known as Denmark, you must know. So it was from Serampore that Sahib Ward traveled down to Mudnabati to meet Carey Sahib. Picture in your mind how earnestly they talked, how Carey Sahib came to see that since he was no longer manufacturing indigo he dare not stay on English soil in India, to preach the Living God without a license from that so ungracious East India concern. Ward Sahib pressed the benefits of Serampore—under Danish rule, you understand—and Carey Sahib saw with happy eyes its possibilities and went there to dwell until the end of life. Now the date of this going was the year 1800, as the English reckon time."

"I am consumed with impatience—you still make no mention of straw huts!"

"Well you shall now hear, poor creature! You shall hear that they looked long and hard for land big enough to hold those

huts, but none was to be found. So now I tell you of a change in plan. For in the center of the town was found a house, so large it cost six thousand rupees, brother. But in their hearts they saw how it would answer every purpose, for it had a cool and broad verandah and a hall, with two rooms on each side; rather more to the front, two other rooms, quite separate; and on one side, a store-house, which the sahibs planned to use as an office for printing. Now as to situation, picture a large plot of ground beside the Hoogli River, picture the wall around it, with a garden at the bottom and a fine large pool of water in the middle."

Chunder Singh replied in awe: "You strike me between the eyes, old friend! This sounds like the palace of a rajah, of great magnificence!"

"It is true it was unlike the simpleness they had in mind, and Carey Sahib liked it not on that account, but even in the midst of largeness one need not spread one's self with vanity! So it was there they lived even as Carey Sahib planned at first: all preached and prayed in turn, one person superintended the affairs of the household while one moon was waxing and waning,

then another took full charge; Carey Sahib was treasurer, and kept the chest of medicines. Each week they devoted the evening of Saturday to adjust their differences and pledged themselves anew to love each other. Also, they promised not to engage in private trade, but to do all for the benefit of the Serampore Brotherhood. Ah, it draws out my heart to hear with how perfect a love they dwelt together, of one heart, of one soul; neither said any of them that any of the things he possessed were his own; all things were held in common!"

Chunder Singh smiled discreetly: "I make no doubt it lasted not over long, however!"

"You err, oh man of many quarrels for I give you the truth when I say that for seventeen years they thus lived in perfect peace, until their numbers outgrew the house and others must be builded. Indeed, I breathe into your ear this splendid word: there never came one breath of trouble to those men in India; moreover, neither was there trouble across the sea in England so long as Andrew Fuller lived, the sahib who—but surely I have said it many times—he who was the secretary of the men who held the ropes while Carey Sahib came to

India. But when this Fuller Sahib was gathered to his fathers there arose in England other sahibs doubting that these missionary men in India could be left to manage things alone. Ah, it is sad, my Kinsman, when worshipers of the same God look on each other's affairs with doubting eyes, and think unpleasantness concerning rupees. But store it in your heart, how Carey Sahib went his even way till now all men cast happy eyes upon his years in India, saying, 'Behold a saint!'"

Chunder Singh grew irritated: "You keep saying it, but what deeds did he commit to merit such high praise."

"What? You trouble me for deeds, when I have filled your ears with nothing else since sunset time? Is it nothing that he lived in perfect peace with all the other sahibs? that he never rested? that he never held his gains unto himself? that he always tore his heart for those in sorrow to bring comfort? that he troubled much to learn our tongue and memorized our shastras that he might argue with our men of learning about God? that every breath he drew from first to last was drawn to serve the Living God and lead the men of India to Him?"

"You say it, and it has a fervent sound, but lo, I stop the praises on your lips with one question: mention me one son of India's men who stepped down into this new religion! Ah, I have you now!"

"Not so, poor Chunder Singh, place your eyes again upon the stars, and note the lesser ones that twinkle in the sky. Oh, man of my own village, those little stars are those of India's sons who stepped down into the new religion and believed with joy. Moreover I named them but awhile ago—have you forgotten Krishna Pal?

Chunder Singh shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal answer. This man seemed of unending wonders!

"Bend down your ear, for it is true that seven long years passed by before Carey Sahib leveled any hill of heathendom. At the doors of how many huts did he salaam? On how many earthen floors did he sit down to talk about the way to God? How many hours did he spend toiling at his desk sharpening the tool of tools to level all those lofty hills? Soon: I will name the tool; just now remember what a tedious space of time is seven years, composed of many hopeful days, of many disappointed

nights. He drew out his soul in very anguish, Chunder Singh. Then there was a man of the carpenter caste, Krishna Pal, whose arm was dislocated. In pain it dangled by his side until the man of medicine, Thomas Sahib, mended it for him."

Chunder Singh was curious: "Now as to that mending, of what nature was it? A chanting with the lips? A beating of drums—or what?"

Vishnuswami laughed: "You man of ignorance! I have it as a fact that Thomas Sahib tied poor Krishna Pal fast to a tree to hold him quiet—he being too unused to Christian healing. Then with the aid of Carey Sahib and Marshman Sahib he replaced the dangling bone and bound it round in strips of cloth and slabs of wood to keep it straight. Meantime what questions gushed from Krishna Pal, who felt his sin most keenly. And, while he asked, the Living God stepped quietly inside the heart of Krishna Pal, and he was blest."

"All at once? Do you say he got down into the new religion all at once?"

"My friend, how can I say? I only know he came each day to talk with Carey Sahib and the hunger in his heart was fed.

Moreover his wife and all his family were impressed, also his far neighbour, Gokool. Now I can prove their change of heart, since Gokool sat by Krishna Pal inside his hut and ate rice with him, *a man of different caste.*"

"What? Lost caste deliberately? What was he thinking of, when gods are all so fickle anyhow?"

"The Living God is different, so they say, unchangeable from yesterday even until to-morrow. Moreover, Krishna Pal and Gokool sat down in the house of Carey Sahib and ate rice with *him*, showing all the village how they broke their caste to serve the God of Heaven."

"I like it not!" groaned Chunder Singh sadly.

"Then I make no doubt you would have been in the crowd of two thousand Hindus in that village to curse Gokool and Krishna Pal, also Rasu, Krishna's wife, and Joymooni, her sister. You also would have dragged them by their hair before the Danish magistrate!"

"Indeed I would!" said Chunder Singh vindictively, "that brought them to their senses, I am sure."

"Think again!" said Vishnuswami,

" for the magistrate himself was Christian and dismissed their case! So on a Sunday came the ceremony in the river, known as Baptism. It happened that Gokool and both the women wished to wait; so Krishna Pal and Felix, son of Carey Sahib, were baptized together; picture that scene: the foot of Carey Sahib's garden where the Hoogli river ran. Hindus, Moslems, Europeans lined the banks, the blue river softly flowed, while Christians sang in sweet Bengali:

' Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?'

Ah, brother, it would have drawn out your heart to hear Carey Sahib explain that the Christians did not think the river sacred, as Hindus count the Ganges sacred, but that by this act the convert was renouncing all his gods and all sins, to put on Jesus Christ, the Living God. Is there fire in your heart to feel the warmth of Carey Sahib's joy? Seven years in India—and behold, this first new Christian! And so full of joy was Krishna that when he spoke of it to Gokool, both he and the two women changed their minds again and

asked to be baptized as soon as possible."

"Now as to Krishna—did his joy continue week by week? Could any god give peace forever?"

"My friend, such peace was his that his first act was putting up a house of worship to the Living God across the roadway from his hut. The very road on which the car of Jaganath was yearly drawn, while victims flung themselves beneath the wheels. And in this little house of worship Carey Sahib preached each week on Sunday, while the Christians rested from their daily work. A Christian 'church' they named it: the very first that Carey Sahib had in India. Then, one by one as other Hindus joyfully got down into the new religion, they built new huts by that of Krishna Pal and dwelt in peaceful happiness."

A silence fell while each man thought his thoughts. Chunder Singh, still skeptical, his eyes fixed on the stars; Vishnuswami throbbing with strange impulses he never knew before.

"Chunder Singh," he whispered presently, "it comes to my mind to sing you the hymn which Krishna Pal composed to tell the drawing of his heart."

So through the silent night he sang with Christian cadence:

"Oh thou, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend, who all thy sorrows bore.
Let every idol be forgot,
But, oh my soul, forget Him not.

Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne
And for thy life gave up His own.

Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?"

IV. MOONLIGHT

The Cobbler's Paper Voices

WITH impressionistic suddenness the moon transformed the whole scene into a startling mass of black and white; dark mysteries lurked beneath the flapping awnings of deserted stalls, the whole market-place seemed silver-paved; an eerie sense of something stealthy in the night wind made the two men edge close together, their gaudy turbans gleaming white with moonbeams.

"Perhaps you weary of this tale," said Vishnuswami, crafty as a fisherman; for he knew well that Chunder Singh had made no move that meant departure, but rather gave a subtle bid for more disclosures: were they not elbow to elbow, knee to knee? Will a man linger to be bored when the hour for sleeping is at hand? So it came as no surprise when Chunder Singh replied:

"Could I lay down my head in my own

hut until I hear what tool it was which this worker in leather, this low caste cobbler from far England, used to level what you call the hill of heathendom, of caste and of idolatry. Your boast regarding him rankles in my head; yet a smile plays on my lips for full well I know that habits of our fathers are unchangeable. Custom is custom! It is folly to claim that more than three or four of India's men turned topsy-turvy for a new religion. I do not hear you name the others."

"Wait patiently," warned Vishnu-swami gravely, "for Carey Sahib was a little man, short in stature, and even as these English count beauty he had no looks to specially recommend him, since even the hair on the top of his head was gone entirely; but have you let it pass from your heart that he who tends a sacred fire is as ten strong men for deeds?"

Chunder Singh smiled sarcastically: "With my own eyes I have seen the monsoon come, when the rains poured down, filling the pools and tanks, turning the parched earth green. And though I had been on a journey I would know by the sight of my eyes that the refreshing had come in my absence. So I claim that you

boast overmuch of this Carey Sahib unless you can tell me of things I can see with my eyes and feel with my hands."

Vishnuswami groped in a fold of his garment and drew out an object, small and squarish: "Spare your breath, for here I hold the very tool which leveled all the heathen hills I mentioned. Hold it in your hands, my brother, feel it with your fingers."

Chunder Singh took it and thumbed it curiously: "Well," he exclaimed, "am I wiser? Yet I am both feeling and fingering."

"Keep right on," Vishnuswami ordered, cool and calm, "'tis no black magic, I assure you,—do not shudder! It is merely paper voices speaking in our tongue the wonderful works of the Living God which Carey Sahib translated from the English."

"Paper voices?" incredulously he held it to his ear. "Tell me, does it speak to me? And what does it say? And how did Carey Sahib ever get it?"

"You stuff my ears too fast with questions; let me tell of Carey Sahib first. How back in the days when cobbling shoes in England, this Holy Book

was open on the bench beside him."

"Oh, as for that! This was the place where voices called to him to 'Go ye! Go ye!' It lingers in my mind he loved that Book."

"You have it right. No doubt you also call to mind the fact he knew six tongues; so now I tell you that his daily habit was to read one chapter from his sacred Book, first in the English language, then in each of the other five he knew. Full well he saw that this Book had *made* England years before, and the sacred fire forever whispered to his heart that the Book could remake India, too. So have I not said it? How with tireless diligence he learned Bengali from his interpreter, Ram Basu, spending long hours making the voice of the Living God speak on paper in Bengali to all the sons of India. Over and over he conned each word: he said it in Hebrew, in Greek, in English, in Bengali. Ah, it was a task! Neither would he let visitors or pleasure or mere weather shorten hours allotted to this work."

"Now I am full of other questions,—how could he make it speak on paper?"

"It may have lingered in your head that one of the separate rooms in the house of

these sahibs had been from the first set apart for a printing office. Now surely printing is mystery unknown to you, also to the Hindus in Serampore at that time. When Carey Sahib bought the thing known as a printing press and set it up in the special room, the people in that town beheld it in great terror, whispering from turban to turban: 'Behold, the Idol of these Christians!' But when the Sahib, William Ward, caused it to clang and clatter, and showed them the paper dotted with Bengali words from God to men, great mystery settled in their eyes. To see this message near to! To hear it really speak! To own a copy to be treasured in the hut, as jewels! To hold it for a neighbour's eyes to see! To learn the gracious life of the Living God on earth,—that man, Lord Jesus! Ah well, it was not to be resisted. And many believed."

Chunder Singh peered at the Book in his hand with the first breaking down of prejudice that he had shown: "I am eaten up with wonder. Oh, for daylight, to see this message for myself! It is not right a man should live his life in ignorance."

"Even so said Carey Sahib. And I

add new glory to this English sahib's tale by telling how he could not rest content to learn Bengali only: were there not other tongues in India? Other men going on useless pilgrimages to far distant shrines? They too must hear in their own tongue! You are a man for numbers,—check these languages and dialects on the fingers of one hand as I name the tongues which Carey Sahib learned and made his Bible speak. First let me say it was not always the whole Book of Heaven he translated, sometimes it was the half known as the Old Testament, sometimes the other half, the New Testament; and several times one book alone was all he undertook. Now count: Bengali, Ooriya, Maghadi, Assamese, Khasi, Manipuri, Hindi Sanskrit, Bruj-bhasa, Kamouji, Kosali, Oodeypuri, Jeypuri, Bhugeli, Marwari, Bikaneri, Bhatti, Haraoti, Palpa, Kumaoni, Gurwhali, Nepalese, Marathi, Goorjarati, Konkani, Panjabi, Mooltani, Sindhi, Kashmuri, Dorgri, Pushtu, Baluchi, Telegu, Kanarese. I am done, but tell me the number lest any have flown from my head!"

In startled disbelief Chunder Singh stared at his fingers: "Seven times have I checked off the fingers of this hand, lack-

ing only this one finger. *Thirty-four;* but surely you do not tell me the cobbler did this stupendous task. How could he?"

"Man of Ignorance," his comrade said, "consider what the sacred fire did to him, for in many tongues he found no written system to adopt, and had—himself—to learn to put their words on paper."

"Now indeed am I stirred within me! How could he learn so many different tongues?"

"How should I find ways to tell of tiresome trips in bullock-carts to distant ends of India; of weary sleepings in the huts of strangers,—on the floor, he who liked to sleep in mid-air on a bed; how can I tell of patient questionings concerning names for this and that with pundits at his home in Serampore? Notes taken of the slightest shades of meaning? And sometimes the idle prattle of small children in strange roadways gave him words too precious to be lost, and he plucked palm leaves to prick the words upon them. Ofttimes he went into the village school and sat upon the ground to trace in sand with little boys the curious hooks and curves that formed their unknown language. Have I not said?

—a man of perseverance, who rested not nor stopped."

Chunder Singh sighed: "You draw out my heart! And he, only a man of caste who works in leather, doing things like that for love of any God! Well! Well!"

"For God—and men like you and me."

"I hear a new thing! Is there any god in India for whom I would perform a lengthy task like that, unless I had committed sin and must gain merit? As for strangers, and the sons of strangers, would I fill my heart with curious babblings? Not at all! My heart is torn within me."

"Mine also! In the telling of this tale I am amazed anew. They tell me one cannot gauge the distance where the Sahib's Books have gone. Consider in your head this fact: seventy million Hindus speak Bengali; Hindi, Hindustani and Urdu number twenty-five millions; Ooriya by six millions in Orissa. Who indeed can tell *where* Carey Sahib makes his Bibles speak? Now here is a true answer: seventeen years after the Bengali Bible left the press, there were found villages of peasants, Hindu-born, who had given up their idol worship, and were renowned for truthfulness, 'Satya-gooroos' they called them-

selves because they sought a teacher sent from God. And in a wooden box they kept a well-worn Bible they had had for many years, they had no way of telling who had brought it, but it gave them peace."

"Tell me more like that," urged Chunder Singh.

"Well, there were Mohammedans, fanatical and wild, who hid the Book inside their girdles, and got down into the new religion. There was Narayen Sheshadri, a Brahman so high caste that people of his village drank the very rain-pools in which he wet his feet, yet he renounced his caste, his wealth, his family that he might sit elbow to elbow with low caste men and tell them about God. There were women who claimed the Book was written by a woman, it spoke so gently of them."

"About mere women, how should I care? But to think that Brahmans accept the Christians' Book with joy and calmly lose their caste,—ah, now indeed, you grip me hard! Also, a minor matter, but I have a great curiosity about this fabric, paper, on which the words appear. Did it perhaps come overseas from England? And what makes the letters?"

"As to the paper, at first Carey Sahib

used our India paper, but being sized with rice paste it attracted both the book-worm and the white ants, so that the printer sahib, Ward, found that the first sheets of a book were all devoured by insects before the last sheet came off the press! Paper from England was too slow in coming, and of great expensiveness; so in the course of time they learned to make good paper for themselves, for which Serampore became noted in all India. As for type, you must hear how English letters are not like the hooks and curves of any Indian tongue, so new patterns needed to be cut, not only for Bengali, but for all the other languages I spoke about just now. Have I not said it? —how the Living God stood close by Carey Sahib, helping? For when he most needed type, there was an Englishman,—Sir Charles Wilkins was his name,—who cut the punches with his own hands and cast the fonts of type; all this before Carey Sahib knew of it. Moreover he taught this art to a Hindu of the blacksmith caste, Panchanan by name, and almost any day you could have seen a strange thing in that workshop:—Panchanan casting type for Christian Bibles, squatting underneath his favourite wooden idol, without which he

flatly refused to lift his hand in work."

"Well, would you not have done the same?" asked Chunder Singh, shamefacedly.

"As to that, let me save my breath!" was the too evasive answer. "I only marvel Carey Sahib did so much; for there is a thing called grammar in each speech on earth. Now how shall I tell you of it, seeing that you never dreamed that grammar forms each sentence which you speak? But Carey Sahib knew and cleverly extracted grammar from the tongues of the Bengali, the Hindi and the Mahratta, as well as many others; and the grammar of each tongue he placed in separate books, so that preachers of the Living God who followed him might never need to plod through weary steps of knowledge such as his had been. Store one more of his activities beneath your turban: for he made dictionaries of the different languages he knew. Now a dictionary is a myth to you, yet it is merely all the words in any speech, with the meaning of each word put down beside it. Consider with what care he must have listened to us talking, to catch each little shade of difference between this and that. All this he did to help new preachers and

new teachers. And he also started a Bible Translation College in Serampore to train pundits how to write in other tongues."

Chunder Singh spread out his hands in helpless admiration: "The strength is sapped from my knees when I dwell on his toil! Did he never sleep nor take a rest in the shade of his house at noonday? Surely he planned for everything,—what more could mortal do?"

Vishnuswami sighed: "Yet now I must speak of a great misfortune, terrible, which cannot be accounted for. For the sun had set on a certain evening as on other evenings in the year 1812, as these English reckon time; the Indian type-founders, compositors, pressmen, binders and writers—of whom I well know you are ignorant—had all gone home: Ward Sahib sat at his desk settling accounts when he was stifled by suffocating smoke bursting into his office. How shall I tell it? But those priceless manuscripts of dictionaries, grammars, Bibles, even the steel punches of the Oriental letters,—everything on fire for three sad days! Also Carey Sahib was in Calcutta, and on the third day when the afternoon tide enabled him to row back to Serampore, what did he

see? The immense printing house reduced to a mere shell! The yard covered with the burnt quires of paper, on which in the course of time words of life would have been printed! His stupendous labour for years on a polyglot dictionary of all tongues derived from Sanskrit also had gone up in smoke! Sadness, indeed, my brother! Tears stood in his eyes. But Ward Sahib hesitated not to find another place to start the work anew. The Living God has earnest followers, Chunder Singh!"

"I hear new things," the Hindu slowly said, "a man of India would sit down under the shade of his thatched roof and say: 'That which I did is undone. The gods have turned against me. I will not lift my hand again!'"

"It is a truth: our ways are softly lazy. Not so with Carey Sahib, who spared not himself in making new translations; and in the patience of his heart he even thanked the Living God he could revise them better than at first. Moreover, although the loss was £10,000, so much sympathy was shown back over the sea, in England, that Fuller Sahib soon announced that the whole sum had been subscribed in fifty days! Which

shows a splendid thing, my brother,—that cobbler who left England, ah! but he was poor and of the caste not to be noticed! And for starting their society those few poor Baptists had but £13, 2s, 6d, as I said. Yet now that cobbler is a man of deeds, they speak of him in the town of London, about the deeds he did in India. And money poured in from all sides!"

With vast respect Chunder Singh figured the pages of the little Book, then held it to his forehead reverently: "To-morrow it must speak to me, this Book of God, which makes a man of lowly caste so great."

V. THE WEE SMALL HOURS

A Double Surprise Concerning Women and Rupees

FOR a space of several moments you would not have known that they were there: two men in turbans, quietly communing with their souls. Dark clouds scurried across the moon—eclipsing, then revealing; while off somewhere came the lonely call of prowling jackals.

"A she-jackal," shuddered Chunder Singh, "a she-jackal calling to her young."

Vishnuswami smiled in quick appreciation of his opening: "You speak the thought I had in mind, to talk of Hannah Marshman calling to the young of India."

Chunder Singh rose to his feet and stretched himself, and yawned: "Is there no other topic of real merit? I have no liking for a tale that tells of women. What say our Shastras?—that a pig were holier?"

"Sit down beside me, foolish man; for

it passes wonder what that woman did! Not only did she keep that house where dwelt the English men of whom I have made mention, ordering their meals and doing all the homely tasks you might expect of women, and more besides—since she was mistress of the art of needlework, and also could produce sweet sounds upon an instrument of music. But more than *this,*—put down your ear to listen!—till two o'clock each day she kept a school, a school for little girls."

"I hear you say the words," laughed Chunder Singh in loud amusement, "but surely you are talking through your turban! Do we not know, the two of us, that women have no brains? I ask you: *can you teach a hen?* Ah bah! you speak a fairy tale—I beg you change the topic!"

"Not so," said Vishnuswami with enthusiasm, "I also ate the fruit of great surprise when first I heard of it. But it is true, with my own eyes I have seen girls add up figures, read from books, even write long sentences on paper! All this did Hannah Marshman prove to men of India. Moreover in the course of time, fathers gladly paid good sums of rupees to send their daughters to this school. It

must have been a sight for village eyes to see those maidens babbling actual wisdom, as learned as a son. And I must tell that from that flood of rupees flowing in, Mem Sahib kept out only sufficient to run her home on simplest fare in meager style. They were not grasping folk, those missionaries! Heroic self-denial was their way of life, and all money was in common for the work of God. More of this later."

"Meanwhile I am consumed with interest. Do you tell me in all soberness that many females filled their heads with knowledge gained from her you name as Hannah Marshman?"

"Many females, poor man of doubts! Indeed her school was sadly overcrowded. Picture to yourself those maidens pattering back to little huts near-by, itching to clean them up in tidy fashion as these curious English clean; imagine neighbours peering in to see the strange amazingness of tiny females reading like the very pundits! Envy crept into the breasts of stupid maidens, desire into the hearts of many parents until Marshman Mem Sahib needs must open yet more schools, and then more—twenty-seven all told, fourteen in or near Serampore. Moreover many maidens

married and taught the curious hooks and curves of reading to their little ones, crooning Christian songs for lullabies. Ah, you can see it: how men got down into this new religion gladly when they learned it from their mother's lips in childhood! For in every school Carey Sahib's Book of Heaven was read with breathless interest, and every meanest pupil learned of God, the great Lord Jesus."

"I cannot swallow my surprise! Neither do I wholly like it. What honour for a man if women preen themselves to equal him? As you very well know there are too many women in my hut, too many tongues wagging all day, too many jealousies, too many poisons slipped into the rice-bowls. Bah! I'm always having to take the stick to one of them! So I ask you—would it do to have them any wiser! I would be putting my life on a tray!"

"Give but a look at these women I mention: the sly foolishness of those who loll in zenanas is all gone; oh man with several wives, I tell you frankly, never was there loveliness like that which shines through the eyes of Christian women. Their hands do gentle deeds, their lips speak gentle words. They give no time to jealous

squabbles. Moreover I have seen widows reinstated, doing happy work; I have seen old women, wrinkled as a fallen leaf, tuck Carey Sahib's Bibles in their saris and go down the dusty roadway to salaam at neighbours' doors, to enter and to tell about the Living God. 'Bible women' they are called just recently. Tell me, you man of India, did we dare dream such education?"

Chunder Singh rubbed his chin reflectively: "Since you ask, I must say No! This Hannah Marshman, now—oh, what a woman! To open wide her arms to silly fools, and turn them into all you claim. Think you the fad will last, to-morrow and the day after?"

"Such wonders always spread, my brother, when the heart is touched. Carey Sahib dwelt much on education, so I see future generations all in school—it only lacks for teachers even now!"

"Then I burn to hear of what was done for boys, if mere girls had such attention."

Vishnuswami smiled: "Marshman Sahib had a school for boys, a startling school to teach wonders you and I lack knowledge of: the world itself, the men who live in it, where oceans lie and continents stretch out

like islands in a lake—all this men call 'geography.' And always in those schools there was the Book of Heaven. You can gather how quickly schools would influence homes, till little bands of Christians everywhere built churches and men to preach in them on Sundays and on week-days were in great demand. So Carey Sahib started Serampore College, to train these ignorant preachers for their work. There never was a Christian college in all India before his!"

Chunder Singh was puzzled: "Now about those preachers—is it such an art that they must learn the mysteries?"

"Brother, could you do it? Right away—to-morrow? No matter how your heart might burn, your lips would make sad blunders, since you ought to know the errors in your old religion, all the beauties of the new, and arguments to win men over."

"Tell me of these preachers?"

"The first was Krishna Pal, that earliest convert. Carey Sahib sent him to Calcutta where he preached at fourteen different places every week, and made the rounds of forty families to bring God into the lives of slaves and caste men, both

alike. There was Petumber Singh, a man of fifty years, born of the writer caste,—he sought peace from sin for thirty weary years at all our Hindu shrines and read all the Brahman scriptures hopelessly. One of Carey Sahib's tracts fell into his hands and he walked the forty miles to Serampore to get instruction from the author. Rejoicingly he begged to be baptized; and being of the writer caste, was able to become a school-master at once, then later a preacher to his own caste. And lest it slip my mind, I will make mention of Krishnu Prosad, the first *Brahman* who ever bowed his neck before the Living God. You will tremble to hear how he took the poita—that seven-fold thread he wore across his body, the mark of his caste—and trampled it beneath his feet to show how Jesus Christ was everything to him! He also was a preacher. It was men like these whom Carey Sahib taught in his college, he himself teaching many curious subjects of which we both lack knowledge: such as Divinity, Zoology and Botany."

"You speak it off so glibly, friend of mine! But how should I know what a college looks like, never having seen one in my life?"

Vishnuswami waxed eloquent: "Here I can do full justice to my tale, for with my own eyes I have seen the great portico of this college which faces the Hoogli River—six columns, carved at top and bottom, like those in temples, brother. Inside were iron stairways of huge size to elevate the students from the first to second floors. For these Christians are strange men, they build a house on top of a house, as it seems to me, and walk around over each others' heads in the most amusing way! They told me that the wrought staircases and the magnificent gate were both made far over the many oceans in England."

"This all sounds like the palace of a rajah," gasped the simple-minded Chunder Singh, "such wonders cost many rupees, no doubt."

"They wanted to build good things for God in India, so that Brotherhood at Serampore, themselves, gave every anna of the cost! £15,000 it came to, an enormous sum, but they denied themselves all luxuries which their schools and printing presses were earning for them."

Chunder Singh nodded: "You have said this several times, yet I am perplexed anew, for you and I give only to gain some

special merit from the gods. But here are men who seem to give for no known reason, since their God must have been daily tickled at their humble way of living; it seems a useless waste of pleasant money!"

"Then let me dazzle you yet more, poor fellow! For Carey Sahib had an honour from the British Government long before that fire of which I spoke a while ago. For there was at Calcutta, where the governor lived, a newly-formed Fort William College, where men in the civil service of the East India Company were sent for higher learning. And when this college had need of someone to teach the Bengali tongue, who so good as Carey Sahib? So for over thirty years, my friend, he rowed down the winding river to Calcutta every Tuesday, rowing back the eighteen miles each Friday evening, writing translations for you and me on the trip. Two matters especially please me about this weekly visit of his: one is the sublime sight in Calcutta—the great professor teaching the governing classes of India Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi all day long, while each evening as the sun was setting he sought the maimed, the halt and the blind and gave them medicine, preaching in several languages their

glorious hope in God, his Saviour. And the second pleasing matter is that the so ingracious East India Company which once treated him inhospitably, were now paying him £1,800 a year for teaching these three languages! How they did turn the tables on themselves!"

"£1,800!" gasped Chunder Singh, "with wealth like that a man could settle back against a shady wall and sun his toes forever!"

"Ah! But from that £1,800 a year he kept but £40 for his own family use, the rest went to the mission of the Living God, for schools and Bibles and the work of teaching preachers, also paying them. Put down your ear and I will name the exact sums this cobbler had the handling of: from that society in England which he did so much to start, he received £600 all told, throughout his life; while on making India Christian he himself spent £1,625 earned in his indigo factory; and of what he earned as professor in Calcutta, also as translator of Bengali for the government, he gave back £46,625! So generous was he, that when he died, oh my brother, they actually had to *sell his books* to pay his

son a little sum promised him. All this I think shows love for God!"

The face of Chunder Singh was beaming: "Now I believe! Now I believe! He had indeed the sacred fire! For I have been many times to the market-place, and a man will not part with his rupees idly—for a whim. Truly he did much to make boasting of!"

"*Boasting!* Ah, how little you grasp the nature of this sacred fire. Listen while I tell of it another way: Picture Carey Sahib crossing a broad hallway in Fort William College; two men stand talking, one a stranger, one the high and lofty governor; and the stranger said: 'Speak to me the name of him who crosses the hallway,' and the governor replied: 'It is our professor of Sanskrit, William Carey—once he was but a poor shoemaker in England!' But Carey Sahib overheard those words, and with grave modesty he made a quick correction: 'Nay, your lordship, I was but a humble *cobbler!*' Which was as if he said a cobbler is a whole caste lower than a shoemaker!"

Chunder Singh sighed: "I have no more breath left to praise such gentle lack of boasting. A man who will not hoard his

own rupees, who spends his days in hardest work for someone else, who willingly cries himself lower before another—oh Vishnuswami, was there ever one so humble, yet so great?"

Vishnuswami bowed his head upon his knees in utter thankfulness: "At last you ask the secret of it all, and I name Carey Sahib's master—Jesus Christ. Oh Chunder Singh, all heaven was His, all greatness and all glory; yet for us He trod the earth, the son of a mere carpenter. Tomorrow you shall read of Him in Carey Sahib's Book of Heaven, the one that speaks our tongue."

"How can I ever wait till daybreak?" sighed the man of skepticism, fingering the Book with tense impatience, his eyes scanning the east for signs of dawn.

VI. DAWN

Into a New Hope

STRANGE things were taking place with Vishnuswami: tears ran down his cheeks, joy bubbled over in his heart. In the telling of his tale a new belief had crept upon him, and he saw the signs of sheer abandon in Chunder Singh's deep interest. It was as if—but no! would men of caste get down into a new religion? Deliberately? Alone upon an empty market-place?

"Are we to stay silent until dawn? Is there no more to tell of Carey Sahib?" his listener asked with evident desire.

"Yes," answered Vishnuswami, "there is more. It comes to my head how little I have said about his actual living; the trifling things that make man's life quite human; his sons, his wife, his idle moments, and his death. Put down your ear and listen. You will be sad to hear how little help Carey Mem Sahib would give him,—she was loath to leave the

shores of England, as you well recall. But I say it in a whisper: she was mad, with crazy fancies in her head; and was kept confined indoors until her days were ended."

"He should have put her out of the way," said Chunder Singh contemptuously.

But Vishnuswami rebuked him in short measure: "What, you say it? Have you gained so small a view of Carey Sahib's heart? With tenderness and kindness he always acted toward her, and indeed to everyone. Time would fail to name the people he befriended. In Calcutta, for instance—poor orphans and children from the dregs of that big city, waifs so wild you would not dream of teaching them, as Carey Sahib did! His school grew famous! And I add one more amazing thing: a Hospital for Lepers! Ah, you grumble? You think them only fit for cruelties, to live their lives of torture by the roadside, kicked at by lazy passers-by? You would not lift your hand to help? Well, even so was I, myself, till it came to my ears how the heart of Carey Sahib melted within him when he saw their frightful sores, and heard their helpless

groans. Moreover, I tell you truly that the Living God, Lord Jesus, also cared for lepers—it seems that we have erred in passing by their sufferings, Chunder Singh."

"You say new things,—gentleness to witless wives, to orphans and to lepers; ah, well, this may be best, I know not. What would I *gain* by being gentle to them?"

"I ask you:—what did Carey Sahib gain but work and worry? He did it not for merit, but for love like that of Jesus Christ. I cannot phrase it for you as I ought. To-morrow we will read of it in Carey Sahib's Book. At present I continue with his life. His second wife was just the wife he needed, a Danish lady of high birth who came to India for her health. Long years after her death, he married a third time; it is not well for Englishmen to be alone in distant lands."

"You raise another question: had he no aching to go back across the sea to England?"

"I asked that very thing of him who told me all this tale; but he said no, that Carey Sahib never crossed again those many oceans; have I not told it; how deep

he loved India? It was as his own home, where he poured out forty-and-one years of endless toil for others."

Chunder Singh sighed profoundly: "He is beyond me! Had he no lazy pleasure? No idle pastime? No season of lingering in the shade when the sun is at the top?"

"Yes, there was one place he loved profoundly; it was a garden. But even in this respect he did not sit back in soft ease, for ever since he was a boy in England he had a passion for the growing flowers, the buzzing insects and the trees. They tell me, Chunder Singh, that when a little lad the walls of his own room were full of specimens from all the countryside. Was there a little unknown flower? a curious bug? Back it went to his father's cottage, where he looked at it long and earnestly until he knew it well;—as to the flowers, he knew what their petals should be in number, and what shape their leaves; as for the flying things, he knew the number of their legs and wings, where they breathed and what they fed on. They tell me this is science, something men write down in books to study; but Carey Sahib thought it out alone, a little lad among the fields of England."

"A curious kind of pleasure to tramp around and look for creeping things!"

"I said it myself! But they tell me it is often so, that men who serve the Living God most fervently find pleasure in these simple things their God created when He made the world. And Carey Sahib kept his interest all his life, and started gardens near his homes in India. Especially so in Serampore, where you can see to-day a space of ground five acres big, a little paradise walled in to keep away the Brahmans' bulls, the village cows, the prowling jackals and the thoughtless youths. From north and south and east and west he brought the trees and flowers of India for his garden; gorgeous lilies, climbing vines, and monster trees of every type, rare and unknown in lower Bengal: mahogany and deodar, the teak and tamarind, the carob and the eucalyptus. He wrote letters to his friends in England and requested seeds, so that in time there were beds of tropical glories and beds of prim English beauties, and a long avenue of shade trees known as Carey's Walk. And in this lovely spot, alone, he walked with God and prayed. At sunrise he was there to start his day in peaceful meditation; starlight,

and he came, communing with the brooding Spirit of his God."

"Do you tell me that he did the planting and the weeding?"

"No, he hired good men of the gardener caste, whom he trained in all the clever arts of planting. He even taught them Latin wording for the plants; one, wiser than the rest, could name almost three hundred plants in Latin. I must make a boast about that garden, for men of science said it was 'the rarest botanical collection in the East;' perhaps you may recall it was on Botany that Carey Sahib lectured in his college. Let me tell one further tale about it which I cannot leave unsaid; for when in utter weakness Carey Sahib was about to die he said in trembling voice: 'When I am gone, Brother Marshman will turn cows into the garden!' But Marshman Sahib gave him instant promises to keep the garden sacred, and his gardener came each day to tell him of new flowers that bloomed."

"I like it very much," cried Chunder Singh, "flowers talk to my heart; but not those crawling insects. Who knows what spirits of departed men may haunt them?"

"Carey Sahib had no such belief about

them. I must tell you how he wrote about them each in many separate books,—a book for insects, one for birds, others for fishes, beasts and reptiles. Such full complete descriptions, Chunder Singh, it would seem as if more than two eyes were necessary to see so much! Ah well, this was his nature, a plodding sahib, full of desire to know. Indeed I hear it said that had Carey Sahib come to India as a Man of Science only, he would still have been the famous, well-known man he is. I mention an Agri-Horticultural Society he started, the first there ever was in India."

"How do you say? Another special deed he did? Explain it to me."

"By now, you know his eager mind quick to notice all the things we do so poorly. Well, he had seen India's weary farmer dig his tiny plot of ground with a bent stick and raise a crop of weazened vegetables and grain. He had seen famine stalking through the land, laying low the weak and helpless, and saw how worshiping a wooden god was all the remedy the people knew. So he wrote letters back to England ordering scythes and sickles, ploughs and spades, as well as grains and seeds. Then he tried an experiment and

with great tact won farmers here and there to throw aside their crooked sticks and use his tools. And look! That farmer's fields grew better, his vegetables were large and juicy. So with that much success to go by, Carey Sahib formed this new society, Agri-Horticultural. We are not farmers, you and I, yet I puff with pride that in the Town Hall at Calcutta, they exhibited vegetables equal to the choicest in all England, which all came from following Carey Sahib's plan for fifteen years. This was good for Carey Sahib's converts, for it made them self-supporting and of standing in their several neighbourhoods. Do you wonder that the members of that Agri-Horticultural Society voted to place in their rooms a marble bust of Carey Sahib, as a token of their proud indebtedness. It is a noble thing when men of learning stoop to farming for our sakes!''

"You have said my very thought," said Chunder Singh rejoicing, "my mind is weighted with the wonders that this cobbler did. He must have had more days than other men to do such lengthy tasks!''

"Not so! not so! The sacred fire directed him with wisdom, and he worked unceasingly. They tell me of a thing he

said one time to Eustace Carey, a nephew full of the desire to put his uncle's life on paper for all men to read,—a thing which Carey Sahib had no liking for. Listen to the thing he said quite humbly: 'If you give me credit for being a plodder, you will describe me justly. Anything beyond will be too much. I can plod. To this I owe everything!'"

"Well, he said that once!" sighed Chunder Singh, "but surely another time he would have welcomed praise. It is sweet to hear the honeyed words!"

"Oh, man of compliments, I tell this yet another way: there was a sahib, Alexander Duff, by name, a noble man of God from Scotland, who also came to bring the news of Jesus Christ to India. Now when he heard of Carey Sahib's final illness he came fast to see him, but the sick sahib being weak of voice and body lay silent while his friend talked much of Carey Sahib's deeds in India until the time to leave arrived. As he was going through the door the feeble voice pronounced his name and he hurried back with pleasure to hear what Carey Sahib had to say; with solemn gentleness it was: 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr.

Carey, when I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak of Dr. Carey's *Saviour!*" Such was his humility."

"Ah," said Chunder Singh, his breath long-drawn, his feelings overpowered, "he was simple as a little child!"

"You have said it! So close to God was he, he seemed to feel a startling distance no one else could see. They tell me that before he died, he gave directions that his tombstone was to bear the simplest wording: just his name, dates of his birth and death, and then below this couplet:

'A wretched, poor and worthless worm
On Thy kind arms I fall.'"

"Ah!" breathed Chunder Singh once more, his throat contracted in a sob. This was in very truth religion! To have performed such deeds, to win such fame, and yet to stay so humble. Mere words were insufficient—they held each other's hands as strong men starting on a journey.

Then in the east a streak of dawn appeared, and Vishnuswami gently called: "See, the light is breaking! This is the Christians' day of quietness, of rest from toil and business. Soon you will hear the

bell of yonder chapel calling those to worship who have gone down into this new religion. Shall we not go to sit with them? For how can I tell you as I ought about the things of God, seeing I am myself a man of sin, and ignorant? The tale I have been telling has placed much love around my heart and deep desire behind my eyelids. I would see more of Christians!"

"I also!" said the man of skepticism.

And when with break of dawn, an early merchant came to fix his stall, he found them kneeling,—gold and scarlet turbans in the dust, praying with a glad and humble reverence: "Oh God of Carey Sahib, come Thou into our hearts to reign, and make us men of true religion."

THE END.

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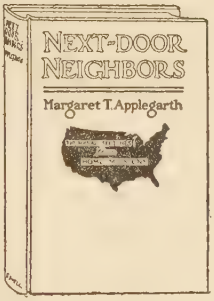

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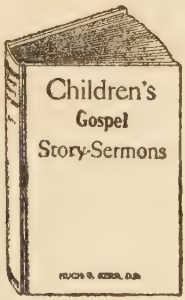

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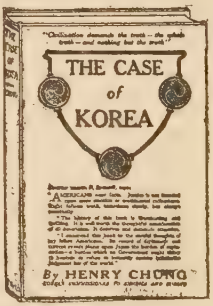

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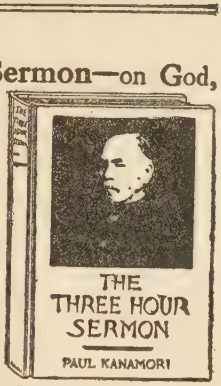

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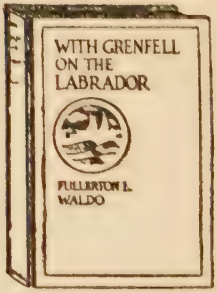

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